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vault, and erected a splendid monument to their memory. Vain mark of ostentatious affection! Mrs. De Clifford's uncle reached England in safety, but too late to experience the peace and happiness he sought for in his family; and, disappointed in his wishes, returned to India. The erring De Clifford, awakened from his dream of dissipation, also returned, but it was only to weep with unavailing penitence over the tomb of her he had so basely deserted; to execrate his own criminality; for the blessing he had lost; and vainly to regret that he had ever left her. Of Mrs. Lendrick we will say little. Let us leave her to her own reflections, which will no doubt one day prove her own *punishment*, and convince her, that never did she lose a sincerer friend than she did in the unfortunate Rosa. MARIA.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

SKETCH OF A SHORT EXCURSION LATELY TAKEN IN THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.

"Speak of me as I am."

SHAKESPEARE'S OTHELLO.

Monday.

HAVING met with three friends (two ladies and a gentleman) going to visit Edinburgh, I was prevailed on to accompany them part of the way by two inducements; first, very fine weather, and secondly, an agreeable party. A.M. Embarked on board the packet at Donaghadee, for Portpatrick, where we landed after a passage of four hours. The only unpleasant circumstance during our passage was, the extreme sea-sickness of our fair companions, who were comforted by "sure and certain hopes" of recovery in a few hours. After breakfasting at Portpatrick, we proceeded in a post-chaise to Stranraer, to which a new level road is just now preparing, the present road being one of the worst in Scotland. Stranraer is agreeably situated on the south side of Loch-ryan, which to the N. and N.W. affords excellent anchorage, and frequently abundance of herrings, and other kinds of fish are caught here.

The main street of this town is long,

and well built, although not regularly so, and near its junction with the Glenluce road is very narrow. A small expense might obviate this inconvenience, by enlarging the bridge, and the adjoining part of the street. Several smaller streets and lanes intersect the principal one. The town is so eligibly situated, that its increase and improvement are unavoidable; the great roads to Dumfries, Ayr, and Portpatrick, leading through it, so that there is a constant resort of travellers. Stranraer is the seat of a custom-house, and as well as the coasting trade to Glasgow, Greenock, &c. has considerable exports and imports, to and from England and Ireland. It is also a royal burgh, having a vote for a representative (in conjunction with three other burghs) in the Imperial Parliament. Stranraer is mostly the property of the Earl of Stair, and has about 3000 inhabitants. It is a post town, and has well frequented fairs for horses and oxen. Here are two good inns; the *King's Arms* is the best house. From Stranraer to Cairn, six miles, a level road, close to Loch-ryan. The peninsula here called the *Rynnes of Galloway*, reaches from Loch-ryan to the Irish sea. The length, from the Mull of Galloway on the south, to the Fairland point, on the north, thirty miles; breadth, from three to six. In the loch several vessels were at anchor, and on the opposite shore of Kirkcolm, good land, and snug farm-houses, yielded a pleasant prospect. The estate of Cairn belongs to Mrs. Dunlop; and Loch-ryan house, the property of that family, uninhabited for many years, is prettily seated near the shore, contiguous to a steep rocky hill, overgrown with heath; which, with several tall trees adjoining, and the rumbling of water down innumerable precipices, renders the view not displeasing. Here is also a good slate quarry. The village of Cairn contains only a few houses, irregularly built, on the side of Loch-ryan. The inn is tolerable. Here we procured another chaise, and fresh horses. As this carriage was not so large as the one we brought hither, we were greatly crowded. Neither was my male friend of the smallest dimensions, but a "jolly, portly man,

with a wig about his ears." However we crushed together wonderfully, to give our ladies sufficient room, and when a man *must* be squeezed, his suffering is greatly palliated by coming in contact with an amiable accomplished woman, "nature's darling child." A few miles from Cairn, a rivulet called the *March-burn*, separates the shires of Wigton and Ayr. Crossing a bridge over this rivulet, we now entered the latter county; the water rushes down in various directions from the continuous heights, and forms a pretty cascade.

Proceeding a little distance to the interior, with increasing admiration of the wild romantic scenery, the traveller enters the vale of *Glen-nap*, through which a river of that name takes its winding course. Numerous flocks of sheep and goats were browsing along this glen, and upon the adjacent hills. The vale is extensive, and along the banks of the river we perceived a few scattered farm-houses. Here, too, on some sequestered spot, may the uncorrupted swain breathe forth, "devoid of all guile," the effusions of unalterable love to his favourite shepherdess; who with that endearing smile, ever peculiar to female beauty and innocence, may receive the tender, delightful impression, and own a mutual flame. And when alone, she may use her charming "wood-notes wild," in praise of her absent lover, to the fine old ballad,

"Up amang yon clifff rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid who tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes:"

These rural scenes, secluded from the bustle and luxury of great towns, and the comforts of polished society, may, notwithstanding, yield to their industrious, unambitious inhabitants, the blessings which arise from religion, morality, and contentment. But thus fondly ruminating on the happiness of a pastoral life, may detain me too long upon the *braes of Glen-nap*. I shall proceed with my narrative. The highest hills here within view are those of *Caerlock and Ben-y-raird*, perhaps not inferior to the Welsh or Highland scenery. Near the head of the glen is a toll-house, wherein is paid the usual

charge by travellers (those on foot excepted) for repair of the road, which is unavoidably steep and hilly, but always in good order. Here we purchased some excellent hazle-nuts. Entering Ballantrae (twelve miles from Cairn) above a narrow part of the road, overhanging the river Stinchar, are the ruins of a castle, which in former times must have been a place of considerable strength, the residence of some ancient military chieftain. The river Stinchar, or Ardstinchar, here falls into the Irish sea. The Salmon fishery of this river lets for 80*l.* per annum. Ballantrae, and the adjoining country, are the property of Sir Hugh Dalrymple Hamilton, bart. It is but an insignificant village, containing about half a dozen tolerable houses, and a few thatched cottages. The parish church, and church yard, like many others in the country parts of Scotland, are immediately contiguous to the Manse, *i. e.* the minister's house, which is here pleasantly situated fronting the sea. The inn, though not large, is pretty comfortable. Here we arrived at six in the evening, in time for dinner, which consisted of an excellent salmon, and very nice Galloway mutton, which, although much smaller, we thought more tender, and more agreeable to our palate than the English or Irish mutton. The wine and other liquors were very good. We retired to rest rather fatigued, intending to proceed no further than Girvan the ensuing day.

Tuesday.—A road, through the interior, by the parish of Colmonell, and partly along the river Stinchar, leads from Ballantrae to Girvan, distance 18 miles, another road, along the shore (15 miles) which although very hilly, we preferred. Ascending a few miles, the prospect is peculiarly romantic and interesting. On the east, the towering hills, covered with heath and natural wood; in some places the road runs zig-zag, winding past steep rocks and intricate caves. Again it overhangs rugged precipices, descending several hundred feet to the edge of the water. While on the west, amidst the azure extent of the rolling billows, old Ailsa with insular dignity, stands with majestic elevation. Ard-

millan-hill, supposed the nearest part of the mainland to Ailsa, a conical island or rock, about five leagues distant. It belongs to the Earl of Cassilis, of whom it is rented at £25 per annum. Its only inhabitants are goats, rabbits and sea-fowls, particularly Soland geese, the feathers of which, and the skins of the rabbits, when sold, pay the rent. On the summit is a ruined castle of ancient erection. This rock is in view during more than thirty miles of the journey from Stranraer to Ayr. Ailsa, in clear weather, is also visible from the opposite north-eastern coast of Ireland. At a short distance north-east from the road, upon an eminence, are the ruins of Carleton castle, from which Sir Andrew Cathcart has his title of Baronet.—Within three miles of Girvan, the country exhibits a more fertile cultivated appearance. The people were busy reaping. Fastward from the road, stands a neat mansion, well sheltered by lofty hills and plantations which in the phrase of the country are called Policies. Entering Girvan, there first appears a long street of thatched houses, inhabited by weavers, as the manufacturing of woollen and cotton articles prevails here. Girvan is a Burgh or Barony, governed by Bailies &c. it has two decent streets, with some adjoining lanes; it is also a post and fair-town. Near the river there are several well built houses. The parish church is a plain decent edifice. This town is in the estate of Sir Hugh Dalrymple Hamilton, bart. and probably contains 2000 inhabitants. Here we found an excellent inn—every thing comfortable. In the evening I sent for my venerable acquaintance, Bailie W.—We spent some time gravely, though not unpleasantly, in enumeration of the amiable character, genius and talents of his deceased son, Surgeon W.—my late worthy friend.

Wednesday.—Although five miles out of our way, we took the interior route from Girvan to Maybole (17 miles) by the river Girvan. Here the country assumes a complete contrast to that we left behind. In place of "*Moorlands and mountains, rude barren and bare,*" appear cultivated fields, gentlemen's seats, clumps of

trees on the sloping hills, verdant lawns, and numerous farm-houses and cottages. We passed through the pretty village of Daily. In this district the elegant mansions of Sir H. D. Hamilton of Bargeny, Sir Adam Ferguson of Kilkerran, Mr. Kennedy of Dalwherran, &c. are well entitled to the attention and admiration of the curious traveller. Maybole (the property of Lord Cassilis) is a populous thriving little town, seated upon an eminence. The woollen manufacture is carried on here. The parish church newly erected, is a handsome building of hewn stone. Here is a good inn, where we stopped to change horses, and to take refreshment. Excellent freestone quarries abound in this neighbourhood. From Maybole to Ayr 9 miles, the road is level and good, and the country remarkably fertile and populous. The bridge over the river Doon has a magnificent arch, being larger than that of the Rialto at Venice. Here I could not avoid humming the elegant and pathetic stanzas, beginning,

"Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon," the production of the inimitable Burns. A short way from the bridge of Doon, stands the cottage that gave birth to this celebrated genius. It is now a country ale-house, kept by Miller Gowdie. Here we delayed a few minutes, and drank to the memory of the Ayrshire Bard. The gentlemen of Ayr with a degree of taste and liberality that does honour to them, annually meet in this ale-house, to dine and celebrate the anniversary of their native Bard. While passing the ruin of *Alloway Kirk*, the highly humorous and well known tale of "*Tan O'Shanter,*" recurred to my memory. At sun set we entered Ayr, where for refreshment and repose we found an excellent inn.

Thursday.—Here we found our breakfast-table decorated beyond expectation; kipper'd salmon, cold ham and eggs, honey, marmalade, preserved fruit, tea, coffee, toast, &c. were suitably arranged. English epicures have acknowledged the superiority of Scotland for a breakfast, and Ireland is said to excel in suppers.

Friday.—Ayr is a large, well built town, situated on both sides of the river

Ayr, which here falls into the Irish sea, a few leagues from the Frith of Clyde. The streets are broad and straight, with several well furnished shops. The number of inhabitants is about 7000. The quay is well built, and vessels of 400 tons burthen can get over the bar at high-water. Ayr is a royal Burgh, governed by a Provost and Bailies &c. It has a parliamentary vote, in conjunction, with Inverary, Campbeltown, Rothesay and Irvine. The churches, court-house, custom-house, barrack, bank, tolbooth, &c. are handsome buildings.

Saturday.—The new bridge is a fine specimen of modern architecture. Here are very extensive coal-works, which have yielded a handsome fortune to the proprietor. The principal export of this article is to Ireland. Ship building is here carried on extensively. The manufactories of cotton, linen, woollen cloths, tanning of leather, shoes and saddling also prevail.

Many important transactions in Scottish history have occurred here. This town has several commodious inns. Here is a mail-coach every day to Glasgow, and a stage-coach thrice a week to Portpatrick. Ayr is 77 miles from Edinburgh, 34 from Glasgow, 46 from Greenock, 50 from Dumfries, 12 from Kilmarnock, and 63 from Portpatrick. During our stay we took some jaunts through the environs of Ayr. The country is naturally fertile, and highly improved. On the banks of the river Ayr, the *holms* and *dells* are well cultivated. These, with the rising grounds, "*O'erhung with wild-wood thick'ning green,*" form a luxuriant landscape.

Tarbolton, although a small village, is situated upon a gentle declivity, in the midst of a beautiful country. Here I was most cordially received by a reverend friend Mr. C——, whose piety, learning, and amiable manners, render him an ornament to his sacred profession, and have also endeared him to his congregation and connections. From Loudon-hill there is a fine prospect; the village of Mauchline and many other places, rendered classic ground by the works of Burns, are situated in this neighbourhood; "*Willie's Mill,*" mentioned in his poem of, "*Death*

and Dr. Hornbook," is in the village of Tarbolton, sometimes called the Clagham. The iron-works at Mainkirk are very extensive. Eglinton-castle, the earl of Eglinton's; Cogisfield-house, Lord Montgomerie's; Loudon-castle, the earl of Moira's; Auchinleck, Mr. Boswell's; and Auchincruive, Mr. Oswald's, are all elegant, commodious mansions.

Sunday and Monday.—'Tis highly pleasing to see the solemn respect that is paid to the Sabbath-day in all parts of Scotland. Going to their different houses of public worship, the inhabitants of Ayr, have a remarkably decent, genteel appearance. To the fair sex here, nature has been liberal of her charms, as few towns of similar magnitude, can produce so many beautiful accomplished females. I must again quote two lines from the works of Burns:

"Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,
"For honest men, and bonny lasses."

Here I left my friends to pursue their journey, regretting that business did not permit my accompanying them to Edinburgh, where I had before spent some months with much satisfaction.

Tuesday.—At seven o'clock, A. M. took a seat in the stage-coach for Portpatrick; my only fellow traveller was a Glasgow merchant, an agreeable, intelligent gentleman, on his way to Dublin, for which city, and for Belfast, he had several introductory letters to persons highly respectable. Leaving Ayr, the prospect is pleasing in all directions, and is terminated by the lofty mountains of Arran, and the rock of Ailsa. Betwixt Maybole and Kirkoswald, stand the ruined palace of *Baltersau*, and the large beautiful ruin of *Cross-Ragwell Abbey*, a very small part of the roof yet remains. We had neither leisure nor inclination to explore these ancient ruins, as I had gratified my curiosity in that respect upon two former tours. At the general dissolution of religious houses in Scotland, the lands annexed to this monastery were granted to the family of Cassilis.

While breakfast was preparing at the inn of Kirkoswald, we walked to a hill, upon which stands the parish-church, a neat clean building contiguous to the Manse; from this hill a

fertile, well-cultivated tract of country is visible. Kirkoswald is a neat, little village, belonging to the earl of Cassilis, whose superb mansion of Culzean castle is in this vicinity. From Kirkoswald there is a smooth level road along the shore to Girvan, from whence we proceeded to Ballantrae, where the coach stops twenty minutes, which we spent agreeably in the Manse, where we were courteously and hospitably received by the Rev. Mr. D——, to whom I had been introduced some years ago. This pious and venerable gentleman is only the third minister of Ballantrae, since the revolution of 1688.

My companion, who had not before seen this part of the country, was delighted with its picturesque appearance; at Cairn we waited for dinner, which consisted of nice roasted mutton, and excellent fresh herrings. At seven, P. M. we arrived at Portpatrick, I invited a friend to the inn, where we spent a social pleasant evening.

Wednesday.—Portpatrick is a small sea-port town, over-hung with steep hills and rocks, close to the Irish channel. The entrance to the harbour is narrow and rocky, but the quay (on the top of which is a light-house) is one of the best in Great Britain, and was built at a very considerable expense about twenty years ago. The depth at high-water in this harbour, is about ten feet, and in high spring tides, sixteen feet. A little to the southward of Portpatrick, stands the ruined castle of Dunskey, boldly erected upon a precipitous rock, overhanging the sea. From this port the packet-boats regularly sail, with the mail, &c. to and from Donaghadee, from whence Portpatrick bears due E. by N. distance about eight leagues.* The packets are all Irish property, and registered for the port of Donaghadee. Portpatrick is the seat of a custom-house, and the importation here of horses and oxen from Donaghadee and Bangor is very great. At Portpatrick are two commodious inns. A mail-coach is established here, and passes regularly to and from Carlisle, distance, 124 miles. For a more minute, and

perhaps accurate account of Portpatrick, I refer my readers to the "*Statistical Survey of Scotland*," in which will be found a description of this parish, by the learned and Rev. Doctor Mackenzie, minister thereof. Portpatrick is 140 miles from Edinburgh, 96 from Glasgow, and 83 from Dumfries. From Portpatrick, after a passage of two hours and twenty minutes, we landed at Donaghadee, where we reflected satisfactorily on our excursion, and where a comfortable room, a good dinner, excellent wine, &c. compensated for our boisterous passage, and gave us reason to thank Providence, that we were once more upon *terra-firma*. M.

Donaghadee.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

IN our last number, having given an analysis of the new discoveries, with regard to potash, communicated by Humphrey Davy, to the Royal Society of London, which we extracted from the London Monthly Magazine, we now from the same publication, give an account of the properties and nature of the basis of Soda.

The basis or metallic substance obtained by decomposition, is a solid at the common temperature. It is white, opaque, and if examined, under a film of naphtha, has the lustre and general appearance of silver. It is exceedingly malleable, and is softer than any of the common metallic substances. It is a good conductor of electricity and heat, and small globules of it inflame, by the voltaic electrical spark, and burn with bright explosions: its specific gravity is something more than 93. It becomes fluid at about 180° of Fahrenheit, but the exact degree of heat at which it becomes volatile, has not been ascertained.

The chemical phenomena produced by the basis of soda, are in many respects, analogous to those produced by the basis of potash: when exposed to the atmosphere it immediately tarnishes, and by degrees becomes covered with a white crust, which deliquesces much more slowly than the substance that forms the basis of potash, and which proves to be pure soda. The basis combines slowly

* Portpatrick belongs to Sir D. H. Blair, bart.